

My Day

It's all a big to-do. Today,
pay bills, pay self, do
homework for the child. Inside
me, who wants all this
done? Not me. I want
sleep and resurrection. I want
this room cleaned. Now. Mop
it. Stop what you're doing, empty
the curio shelves, delve
in with fists. Force out
papers, known news you can
tear and toss; turn
it over to God where he lives
in the dumpster down the street.

Recovery

is this thing, not that
it matters how long you work
the system will find you, as birds
find glass doors. Take a step, then
another. At least try. Again, lift
your foot, galloping hoof,
harsh mane, sleek willow
tree of your sadness.

Omaha Origami

Ambitious cherry blossom,
diplomat governing
our neighborhood, intersection
of decision and doubt, hosta
unfurling, pink petal rain, napkins
of dogwood blooms soiling the lawn.

Is There Someone

You are tide and sea, the fish
and float of debris, the brisket,
banquet and bouquet, baguettes
you nibbled from the stroller
on Paris streets, the rolling
wheels on French cement, cast you
in the film-noir opulence of some
memories you know and don't know,
remember and never knew. Every morning
I must recall how it is: My mother,
alive, still with us, coming to dinner
tonight, in need of doctor, or is she
gone? And my father? Is there someone
I need to call or just pray for, pray
to, pray?

Infinitive

Days verb by, fast
as Road Runner
verbing the adjective hill
to verb boulders onto
enemy's unjust crown.

Time verbs fallout
onto path. Paths,
eloquent as amygdala, silk
folds of some noun
you forgot. At the time,
the way he verbed
you was mad. Lunacy-
roiled brain flaps, inefficient
laundry-fold of childhood, match
corners tomorrow, osmosis lesson
verbing to modify
lost time.